

THE PORCUPINE

FOR NOVEMBER, 1904



HIGH SCHOOL
Santa Rosa, Cal.

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The Porcupine

VOL. XI.

SANTA ROSA, CAL., NOVEMBER, 1904

NO. 3

Prudent People Purchase Prickly Porcupines

The Reward of Faithfulness

Allie West sat sewing by the open window, through which shone the last rays of the setting sun. She glanced up as her sister entered, as usual, in a perfect whirlwind of excitement.

"Oh, Allie dear, you can't realize what has happened! I received an invitation to attend the concert to be given in the Declaine Gardens this evening. Mrs. Declaine expects to entertain one of the renowned singers of 'Singerville.'" Elaine laughed as she repeated the name "Singerville," and then continued with great emphasis, "Oh, Allie, I can just picture the tall, sedate, queenly little figure standing before the footlights, letting her great voice resound through the ages to come. Oh, dear! when I try to be sentimental, no, eloquent, I fail utterly. But is it not perfectly splendid, Allie, dear?"

It had not occurred to Elaine that her sister might possibly have appreciated an invitation. Not that Elaine was selfish. Oh, no. It had been thus ever since Allie had sacrificed her own ambitions and with tearful eyes murmured, "No, mother, dear, I shall remain at home and care for you, and Elaine may have what she so sincerely desires.

So, when the college had reopened one autumn day, nearly three years before, Elaine had wended her way thither, happy in the realization of her highest ambitions, while her sister remained quietly at home, attending to the household duties and nursing the invalid mother who was often so exacting and unreasonable, the result of years of intense suffering. But when, at last, the moth-

er was but a memory in the hearts of those who loved her, Allie faced the future bravely and, day by day, comforted and encouraged her father, who was often sadly despondent. For him the future was but a thorny pathway which he must tread before his journey of life should be completed

But to return. "I am glad for you, dear," Allie responded, then hastened away that her sister might not see the tears which she was unable to conceal. When alone she endeavored to form a mental picture of the renowned singer, who that evening would delight her hearers in the beautiful gardens of Mrs. Declaine, whose wealth enabled her to satisfy her every fancy. But could Allie have realized what the future contained for her, her joy would have known no bounds.

The evening had come. Elaine had disappeared in a vision of white loveliness and Allie was alone save for her father who was so occupied with his evening tasks that he failed to notice her dejected air. Finally she remembered the pretty row boat which was available at all times and stole down to the lake whose waters sparkled beneath the wan beams of the moon. Raising her voice, she called for Rover who immediately appeared and, perceiving her intentions, barked joyously while the boat was being released from its moorings. A moment later, and Allie was busily plying the oars, humming softly the while. Her sweet, clear, though untrained voice attracted two young women, the sole occupants of another craft. One of them exclaimed brightly, "Oh, do sing for me, will you, please." Her companion seconded the request and, after a little urging, Allie consented. At first her voice was weak and unsteady, but seemed to gather strength from effort. The words were touching and appealed to her listeners, for they seemed to come from the depths of a yearning heart. When she had finished she gazed into the face of one of her listeners for whom she had conceived a great admiration. While the lady

praised her execution Allie studied her intently. She was attired in a black velvet gown and wore no ornaments save for a few crimson buds which nestled amid the glossy ringlets of her hair and which contrasted so prettily with her pale, expressive face and dark eyes full of fire, yet soft and pleading.

A pleasant conversation followed and soon Allie was unfolding to her listeners, whose kindly tact and sympathy had won from her the story of her life and ambitions for the future, her desire to be present that evening in the Declaine Gardens and hear the renowned singer whom the enthusiastic queen of wealth was enabled to summon into her presence. Suddenly, inspired by a new thought, Allie asked, "Will you sing for me now?" The lady hesitated, then catching sight of the pleading face, nodded acquiescence. Her sweet voice broke the stillness of night and, accompanied by nought save the splashing waters beneath her, she charmed her two listeners into breathless silence until the conclusion of the strain. It was a strange sight, the two fairy frigates gliding along side by side, bearing two enraptured listeners and she who so charmed them with her voice that their oars were almost unheeded and the tide was bearing them where it would. We must not omit the great, shaggy dog, and also the lanterns which enabled each to behold the faces of her companions.

"Oh, it was wonderful!" Allie cried, then paused, unable to express her thoughts further.

"I must tell you," the lady replied, "that I am the singer whom Mrs. Declaine summoned. You know we singers are proud with that pride which is born of independence." She struggled to control her rising indignation. "Mrs. Declaine did not question me in regard to her summons, or rather commands, so I wrote her no word of reply. I would willingly disappoint any woman who so forget herself as to impose upon one who is her inferior only in wealth. Still, she has continued to expect and I came here merely to forget. And now I have a sugges-

tion to offer. You have a wonderful voice, as you certainly should realize. After your sister has graduated from college and your father will not necessarily be without companionship, I will undertake its training in exchange for nothing except your constant perseverance. But listen, dear, do not interrupt me. You may repay me when your voice has created demands for your presence in public."

Surprise, gratitude and bewilderment seized Allie suddenly and she leaned over the side of the boat and threw her arms around the neck of the beautiful singer who had opened a fountain of joy at her feet from which she might quench her thirst which had been raging unsatisfied until now. They parted, one happy in the consciousness of having bestowed happiness, the other in the lofty ambitions and the earnest hopes and purposes which were hers.

When Allie re-entered the room where her father still busied himself with his evening tasks and saw before her the accustomed duties, she thought of the singer as one whom she had beheld in a dream. Elaine had returned and immediately proceeded to give her sister a few details concerning the experiences of the evening.

"Oh, Allie, the singer was not present, for some accountable reason, and after wandering up and down the Grdens we were obliged to go. Mrs. Declaine was so embarrassed and annoyed she could scarcely treat her guests with civility. It was stupid."

Allie seated herself at her sister's side. It was a long while before she could gain the courage to unfold to her the events of the evening, but she finally did and, while her father listened with tearful eyes, Elaine drew her closer and, embracing her tenderly, said, "Allie, dear, you've sacrificed yourself for me and I am truly grateful for the unselfishness you've shown."

Then laughingly, for it was never possible for Elaine to be serious long, she continued, "Father and I may agree and we may not, but you shall not suffer for our

shortcomings." Then the father spoke: "I am glad for you, Allie. You deserve it all. You've been the sunshine o our home, and, I repeat it, you deserve it all."

A. P.

Up Against It

One of the most important days of my life was the day I entered what my elders called "that famous institution of learning, the Santa Rosa High School." I was a rather prepossessing lad of fourteen years. I had always been on good terms with everyone around me and on excellent terms with myself. That is, I had always been a favorite among my classmates at the grammar school, being their leader in every prank, and so I expected to be quite an important chap at the High School.

My mother told me that morning to behave myself and not disgrace the family, for she always spoke to me as if I were a "kid" tied to her apron strings, instead of a boy who was able to take care of himself. I answered, "Oh, bosh," and, whistling my shrillest set out for the school.

When I arrived there I found many others in the same position that I was, but there were a great many more who were "old in the service," and took pains to let me know it by the murmurs that I heard passing around the room. "There goes a Freshie," and "My, but he looks green," and "I'm mighty glad I'm not just starting in." Do you think I minded being called a Freshie? Not me! I just straightened and said to myself, "Now, John, don't you let yourself be made a fool of. You just show them what a Freshie is made of."

Well, when the school took up, the first person I noticed was the prettiest girl sitting across the aisle from me. Whew! I was in a better humour already. She looked at me and smiled as though she wanted to be friends. You know I always did like girls, but most of

them are kind of "sissified," don't you think so? But some aren't, you bet. They're jolly as boys and are the "real stuff." I made up my mind that this one was a "regular brick."

But to my dismay, there just a few seats away was one of those old "smarties" from grammar school whom I just hated. He was a regular bully and was always sticking his nose into my business. I never could bear him, because he was a short, fat, fellow, was never neat about his clothes and his hair always stood up in all directions at once, as though it was trying to fill up the extra amount of space in his hat, which was about a size and a half too big.

You may think I'm a kind of a "sissy," but I'm not. I know how to make the girls admire me, you'd better believe. This old enemy of mine looked at me as if to say, "We'll have a scrap at recess, old man, and I'll show you who's who."

Well, we didn't have any real lessons the first day, so the second morning I went to my classes with a brave face, fully prepared to distinguish myself.

Our history teacher was such a dear little lady in a blue dress. After giving a number of questions, she suddenly said, looking straight at me, "Mr. Jenkins, who was the Black Prince?" I felt important all of a sudden. She had actually called me Mr. Jenkins. She had called on different ones in the class before, and some of them had gotten up and spun off long yarns, most of which were only bluff. I said to myself, "I will just shine. now; I'm not going to bluff."

I stood up and—well, you must be a little lenient, because the class was large and as I had a seat near the back they could all look around and see who the Mr. Jenkins was. My! but I do despise that name to this day. Well, as I said before, I stood up; my knees began to shake; I got red, white, and I know, blue. However, I pulled myself together, for you do feel kind of queer when you first get up before a lot of

"kids" you never saw before. I kept getting redder all the time, just like a girl when she blushes; but I said as calmly as I could and in an important way, I thought, "Why, he was the king's son."

The whole class began to laugh, but for the life of me I couldn't see why. They would be laughing yet, I guess, if the teachers hadn't looked daggers at them, but not before she had had a good laugh herself. I was so mad I could have licked every last one of those boys. The teacher said, "we all knew that he was a king's son, Mr. Jenkins." You can imagine how insignificant I felt when she said that. I thought I had made quite an impression, but it seemed I hadn't.

I thought that little incident would pass over, but not much. The next day as I was going through the hall some of the "big-bug" girls—seniors, I think they call them—remarked, "Oh, there goes Johnnie, the poor little boy whose first attempt at recitation was a failure. Isn't he cute?"

I said to myself, "John, can you stand any more of this?" I had come to the conclusion that to be at home, even if it was by my mother's side, would be better than to stand any more such torment. I did not answer myself until the end of the month. Then, I said, "John, you've just got to grin and bear it." For there in the High School paper they had written it all out and told a lot of stuff about the poor little freshies who mustn't get discouraged. I know they meant only me. I would have quit there and then if my mother hadn't urged me to stay and do my best and not be a disgrace to the family.

* * * * *

Well, I'm still at S. R. H. S. and you couldn't hire me to quit now, as I learned a lesson which has been an advantage to me all through the months that have followed. The moral of my little tale is: Don't think yourself so important that you can distinguish yourself, for you will find yourself "up gainst it," and your pride will take a fall as mine did.

A. '06.

Alone

The poplar stretched up straight anl tall,
In appearance king of trees.
Its neighbors viewed it, great and small,
Anl in their petty gossip all
Said with insolent ease:

“It’s alone,
All alone.”

“It’s love of self’s what keeps it up,”
So said those little trees.

“If it so wishes it may drain the cup
Of bitter, and sorrow, if it will not stoop,
But remains high in the breeze,
Alone,

All alone.”

The poplar heard, and sadly smiled,
For trees do smile sometimes.

“How little they know why I am exiled,
Why I cannot stoop and be defiled,
But here remain and pine

Alone,
All alone.”

“’Tis little they know how I long and sigh,
A foolish thing, I know,
For a sincere friend as tall as I,
But the laughing breeze as it passes by,
Mocks my cry of woe,

Alone,
All alone.”

“For they lack not a clinging vine
Nor need they hush a moan,
As a sense of loss of love divine
Wrings from the suffering heart and minl
This haunting cry,

Alone,
All alone.”

Oliver's Farewell Letter

It has been the good fortune of the students of the Santa Rosa High School to receive an object lesson of great value. Whether they will profit by it or not, is another question. For several days they had with them a young Japanese who was there for the purpose of increasing his familiarity with the English language, preparatory to entering Stanford. He departed suddenly in response to his country's call, leaving behind him a letter.

This letter not only shows the spirit which is largely responsible for the Japanese victories in the far East, but it also clearly indicates to the students that an associate may possess latent possibilities undreamed of by them. They receive at first hand the lesson that patriotism and devotion to duty know no race distinction, and that imperfect English can express the loftiest of sentiments.

The letter is here given in full:

At the Midnight, Oct. 15, '04.

Mr. E. M. Cox, Dear Sir: I received the telegram at p. m., 5 this evening, from Japanese Government to come back for my military service. I teared, holding it in my hands under the twilight, for I could not keep down my deep feeling which had been disturbed the progress of my study, but not dread death on the battle ground. Had gone in vain! Holding the purpose to reservice an example of public virtue for the future of the land of rising suns—Japan—as the “Light of Asia,” I crossed the unharvested Pacific ocean this summer. But had gone in vain!

Dear schoolmaster! My acquaintance with you at the school was a few days, as a little dream of summer night, but have become the close teacher as so has been long before, yet it was a meeting, I must go, leaving you far behind. When the sun will break the eastern sky you never fell to see the beautiful scenery of the Santa Rosa's na-

ture, but my happiness has turned up to other way—to the battlefield, to sacrifice for the country's honor.

I have been called to stand up face of the dangerous enemy in Manchuria as a Lieutenant of Artillery, belonging to Fourth Army, picking away pen and books from by hand of peaceful study, for my honor to do the brilliant work that will hid the thousands stars with my brightness. I have recalled the memory of the beautiful age that manhood went to the battlefield with the purpose of building a great justice upon the earth. To crush up a wrong ambition of the Slavs on Far East, I will never refuse to die, piling up the own corpse, one on other.

My two intimate comrades—officers who was killed at the battle of Liao Yang, before leave their fatherland they send me a letter—only three lines and nothing more—in which they say, “Now we must go to the battlefield. Do for us rest after our death. Waite you, dear friend, at the gate of Zion.” They were hopeful young officers in the army, for they has held in their narrow breast a great ambition, to erect a statue of the justice with the foundation of the humanity. But now the gloomy vision is dispersing in my eyes rising upon wings to heaven from the bloody wilderness where they has fallen together with the recollection of the forest in which our childhood has wandred hand in hand, many and many years go. Silently covered their faces and asleeping on the gate of Zion with the light of immortal beauty. “Waite you, dear friend, at the gate of Zion.”

The bloody bosom of Manchuria's prairie is Paradise for me! Yes, our Lardlist has lent only feet for my young life, but will give wings on my death. Lo! their freshes are resting from its carnal torment and surrounding with the sweet chorus of the white dressed Angels, but no more tears, no more pains for them.

The time is ripe to sacrifice the own upon the altar of the progress of civilization and humanity of human being, that shows the history of the world has been marked

with the sword in all crimes (climes). I have neither words, no utter, but I am delighted that we shall meet with the friends in the summerland of forever.

I must leave by tomorrow morning, first train, and the noon will start from San Francisco to Far East. No time to take leave of everybody, then I left this letter.

I wish you and all students go through life in the same perfectly happy-go-lucky way with a big heart and delightful unconsciousness of anyone or anything around you and them. I hope to see you again in this country or heaven. Be quietful through eternity, Santa Rosa's nature. Fare the well, my dear teacher, and girl and boy of all. In haste, but with deepest affection, yours truly,
Oliver E. Odanaka.



Paw says: "Life is like a game of cards and our only duty lies in playing our 'hand' to the best of our ability, we did not deal the cards."

That's all very well, my philosopher friend,
To the will of the gods you are able to bend,
But I fear that my duty devotion might lack
Should I dream of a king and fate dealt me a jack.

A. '06.



On the night of October 31, a high wind carried a couple of the Santa Rosa street cars away from their accustomed resting place and deposited them in the High School campusette. The wind can't come back too soon.



Aleck, (Com. Geo., explaining converging of winds toward equator): "The speed of an object in the center of a plane tends to draw all objects to it. Take the Santa Rosa street car, for instance.."




Miss Whitehead: "The straits of Gibraltar flow into the Pacific Ocean, I believe."

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All personals, stories, literary articles and items of interest to this paper should be sent to The Porcupine, Santa Rosa, Cal.

At this season of the year we hear much about thankfulness. We are told that we ought to be thankful for this, that and the other thing, with a remarkable latitude of subject. But, should we be thankful for anything that is not conducive to self development? “Sublime egotist,” you say. But come with me through the pages of history and note the generals, statesmen and writers. Would such characters have existed but for self development? To everyone the gravity of individual responsibility should be apparent. The adage that “a chain is no stronger than its weakest link,” though trite, is still applicable. We deplore the weakness of the social chain, yet we come far from being efficient links ourselves. It is only by the development of the links that the chain will ever attain to any degree of potency.

A pertinent question now: What factor is most con-

ducive to self development? To our mind it is the power to think. Such a statement seems almost insane, but to judge from the actions of those with whom we daily come in contact it cannot be iterated too often. It is only by the power of thought that the asperities of our daily lives can be smoothed. Only in proportion to the strength of our minds can we gratify the desires of our hearts with any safety. We laud the minds which have broken the shackles of religious oppression in the past, yet, today the churches are the most crowded, where reason least exists. The number of illustrations is unlimited; every great movement of the past or present, be it religious, political or social, has sprung from a thought.

In High School we are rushed from class to class, while facts are unceasingly poured into us. We grasp these facts, but we do not get hold of the greatest fact of all, that these facts are not thoughts. Facts are merely the materials out of which we shape our thought; the more we practice with the materials, the more perfect become our thoughts. Premature judgment is bad, but it is to be preferred to no judgment at all. We can at least put our twos together and make fours of them and later, when our light grows stronger, our fours can be squared.

If thinking is needed at any time in our lives it is right now. We are daily forming habits and prejudices which are to be the foundations of our future characters, and yet we are daily proceeding in our endeavors to veneer the dead shell and allowing the kernel, our true foundation, to lie neglected. Character is the world force of today. It can only be gained by self development. Self development is dependent upon thought and wise action, the concrete form of thought. What we should be

thankful for is the opportunity to use our minds for the end of self development.



This month's joshes were compiled while laboring under the difficulty occasioned by the loss of our popular josh editor, Floyd Wisecarver. He and his brother, the genial "Doc." have removed to Modesto, where they will enter the High School at that place. Floyd's departure causes regret among a large circle of friends, especially among his classmates—to say nothing of certain members of the fair sex. Although we suffer from the loss, we wish them the best of success in their new home.



A word or two on things in general. It is still the editor's conception of heaven as being a place where he will have nothing to do but read manuscripts that are handed in, unbegged for, aye, even unasked for. And the said manuscripts are written legibly, in ink, on the long way of the paper.



About the joshes. Only those joshes are printed that will give the greatest pleasure to the greatest number. Joshes that are understood by only a small circle are carefully omitted. Under no conditions are the joshes to be considered as personal hits from members of the staff. We are willing to be responsible for anything printed, but, in fact, no person has a right to kick if he becomes the victim of a little pleasantry, especially when it is his own act that lays him open to it.



We are greatly indebted to Miss Ruth Overman for the cover design of this issue. The drawing comes from the pen of her sister, to whom we express our gratitude by this means.

Exchanges

Sibyl, we are interested in your continued story, "The Light in the Window." Please do not fail to send the rest of it. The exchange department shows careful and conscientious preparation. Furthermore, the criticism is honest.

The Russ is good—what there is of reading matter in it. It must be confessed that advertisements are not the most interesting of literary productions.

The Lowell is fairly brimming over with readable things. The cuts are well drawn and appropriate and the cover is neat.

The quality of the paper and the type used do not do the Sea Urchin justice. The contents of the October issue, if these defects are overlooked, are well arranged and worthy of commendation.

The Crimson and Gold possesses the most valuable factor in conducting a school journal—school spirit.

The Orange and Black, from Spokane, has a literary department that is worth reading. Unlike most High School journals, it does not confine itself to the criticism of the literature studied in the English course. Current literature is discussed and commented upon quite cleverly.

The Review, from Sacramento, has uncommonly good editorials. In the October number some valuable ideas concerning the management of a High School magazine are expressed. Judging from the Review itself, these ideas are successfully applied.

The Skirmisher is full of life and spirit, as its name would indicate.

There is something distinctive about the Item. It is made artistic by some well executed drawings. The jokes are original and, above all, are really witty. We agree with the editor in his appreciation of "The Tragedy of a Day."

Crescent, can't you introduce a little more fun into your pages? Humor like that of the "Parody on the One Hoss Shay," is a very valuable element in the composition of as substantial a magazine as yours.

Despite the fact that the greater part of the Polytechnic is devoted to departments, it is not uninteresting. The article on the South Sea Islands is written in an entertaining manner and is instructive as well.

There are a couple of points that should be taken into consideration by exchange editors when making their criticisms. The most important is that it is impossible at the same time to attain to any degree of literary purity and please the majority of the readers upon whom we are dependent for our existence. The other is that the editors are not entirely responsible for the make up of the paper. They have to deal with a variable quantity in the printing office.

Congress

On the afternoon of Friday, November 4, our High School Congress was reorganized with our principal, Mr. Cox in the chair. Adela Dickson was chosen clerk of the house and Ellsworth Mitchell fills the position of assistant.

Four bills were introduced and read. Bills I and II, referring to a "Restriction of Immigration," and to "Giving Aid to Japan in her Present War," were advanced to a second reading, Bill No. I, being made a special order for the next session.

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On Wednesday, November 10, the discussion on the bill pertaining to "Immigration," was opened for debate and was warmly contested. Those speaking in favor of the measure were Roy Hitchcock, Edwin Zuner and Carl Schaupp; against the bill, Carl Rathbone, Chas. Thompson. The debate was carried over to the next session, which took place Thursday, November 18. Roy Alexander, the introducer of the bill, accepted an amendment by Schaupp as a part of the main bill. The debate following was very spirited, all the time being fully occupied. At 4 o'clock a vote was taken and the bill was carried. Those speaking in favor of the bill were Edwin Abeel, Roy Alexander, Fred McConnell and Schaupp, and those against were John Ahl, Chas. Thompson and Nathallie Hamden.

Athletics

On Saturday, September 22nd, Oakland won from us in the semi-finals of the A. A. S. She won not so much on her own merit as owing to two things. First our own lack of proper coaching; second, her dirty playing. The relentless and uncalled for slugging of the Oakland team against men who were practically beaten caused much unfavorable comment. We were accompanied by several of our lady teachers, besides others and they say that profanity was very noticeable among the O. H. S. rooters. While we don't run a Sunday school, we can at least use decent language at times—especially if we win.

Mackenzie, as usual, played his star game and materially aided the successful stopping of plays. Wilson played

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hard and was a tower of strength. Gritty little Hitchy played on with a broken thumb. He was in every play.

During the first half O. H. S. scored once and three times during the second half, when she played "dirty." A very friendly feeling exists toward the O. H. S. track team and we hope that this will help us to overlook the football team's fault.

Nearly every man was hurt some. Mackenzie received a broken shoulder. Hitchcock a broken thumb and Wilson severe internal injuries.

Every injury of consequence was the direct result of "dirty" playing. The marks of someone's "corks" were visible on Mac's shoulder for a week after.

We have two games in view, one with Petaluma at Sebastopol, with excursions on the electric railroad, and the other with the California School for the Deaf in Santa Rosa on Thanksgiving Day. The latter game has been looked forward to for a year and should be a dandy. Our team should be in shape by that day and will give the boys from Berkeley a good rub. Undoubtedly it will be great.

Basket Ball

A very exciting basket ball game was played between the Girls' High School team and the Santa Rosa High School team in San Francisco November 12th. The teams were so evenly matched that the game was intensely interesting to the spectators, as well as to the players. The Santa Rosa line up was as follows: Mamie Pearce, Olive Dickson, Dorothy Shelton, goalers; Mamie Rayder, Leone Safley, Ruth Overman, centers; Abbey Clary, Mabel

C. M. BRUNER

Art Goods

434 Fourth Street

Ware, Edna Purrington, guards; Edna McNab, substitute.

At the end of the first half the score stood 1—2, in the Girls' High school's favor, Mamie Pearce having thrown a free goal and the opponents having made a field throw. The second half was more exciting than the first, both sides scoring many times. Until the last moment of the game Santa Rosa had the advantage of one point. Then our opponents scored, giving them one point advantage. When time was finally called the score stood 9—8, in favor of the Girls' High.

All of the girls played a fine game. Our sub., Edna McNab, played the first half, owing to the absence of Edna Purrington; she filled her position like a veteran. Our goalers are all that could be wished for. Mamie Pearce made quite a spectacular field throw. Dorothy Shelton and Olive Dickson each made two points.

The visiting team is always at a disadvantage, owing to the strange field, etc. We have great hopes of winning the return game next Saturday, Nov. 19.

JOSHES

MORITURE SALUTUMUS

We respectfully dedicate this page to the loving memory of Bumbaugh's whiskers. Cut off ere their prime by the ruthless hand of the destroyer, thy have gone to that bourne from which no traveler returns. To the homeless, who have sorrowfully seen their accustomed haunts destroyed, we extend sympathy. To the bereaved himself, who must face the win-

R. C. Moodey Fall Styles
in SHOES

tery blasts with a sense of bareness in his life, our hearts well out in silent pity.

Dudley to Clara: "If you don't promise to go with me, now, I'll untie your necktie."

Margaret is sorry she hasn't more than one life to live for Finlaw.

Mr. Outcalt (Com. Geo.): "What is the cause of tides?"

Ben Strong: "It's the contraction of the moon."

Clara Einhorn (In reference to an event of Shakespeare's time): "I can't describe it, but I remember of its happening."

Teacher: "Who were the vassals?"

Bright Student: "They invented vaseline."

Rowena: "I can't study. I don't know what is the matter with me. I can't fix my mind on my lessons, at all."

(Never mind, Rowena, Tom won't be absent much longer.)

Teacher: "Where did the monks live?"

Bright Student: "In apiaries."

Mr. Cox: "What is a legal document?"

Clarence F.: "A marriage license."



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1. Swipe not they neighbor's manilla pad, lest he seek retribution seven fold.

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 ~~~~~


2. Remember thou the study hall, to keep it quiet, for therein must thou labor diligently.
3. Thou shalt not spoon, for a queener is an abomination unto the High School.
4. Stamp not loudly with thy feet, lest thy neighbor be reported.
5. Thou shalt not raise a rough house, in the Lab., lest "he" send thee below.
6. Remember thy teachers, to jolly them for a straight "S," for a good jolly availeth much.
7. Sneak not with thy dearly beloved, lest in such an hour as ye think not, Outcalt find thee out.
8. Thou shalt not make H-2-S in the Chem. Lab., for it is an abomination to the nose.
9. Put not your trust in ponies, lest in an evil moment they fly from thee, leaving thee alone in a "land of sand and thorns."
10. Remember thou the Porcupine, to give it assistance, both with the fruit of thy brain and the weight of thy pocket book.

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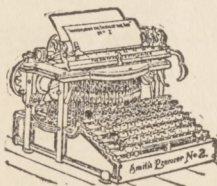
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